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SPRING TERM - 1915.



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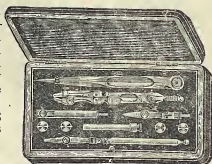
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THE
Southampton University
.... College Magazine

CONTENTS.

	<i>Page</i>		<i>Page</i>
EDITORIAL NOTES ...	51	QUOTATIONS APROPOS...	83
THE LIMITS OF SOCIAL DEMOCRACY ...	58	LAPSUS LINGUÆ ...	91
IMPRESSIONS OF THE 1914 STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT CONFERENCE AT SWANWICK ...	61	WITH THE COLORS ...	92
ON GETTING UP IN THE MORNING ...	66	REPORTS & SOCIETY NOTES—	
OIL NUTS FOR KNOTS ...	69	SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY ...	96
RAIN, RAIN, RAIN ...	71	WOMEN'S COMMON ROOM ...	96
HOW WE WORKED ...	74	CHRISTIAN UNION ...	97
THE STUDENT'S SOLILOQUY ...	76	LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY ...	99
ON DIT ...	77	THE RIFLE CORPS ...	100
REFLECTIONS ON MY TRIAL ...	79	SOCCER NOTES ...	101
THE LAST SCIENCE ...	82	STUD MARKS ...	102
		HOCKEY NOTES ...	102

SPRING TERM - 1915.

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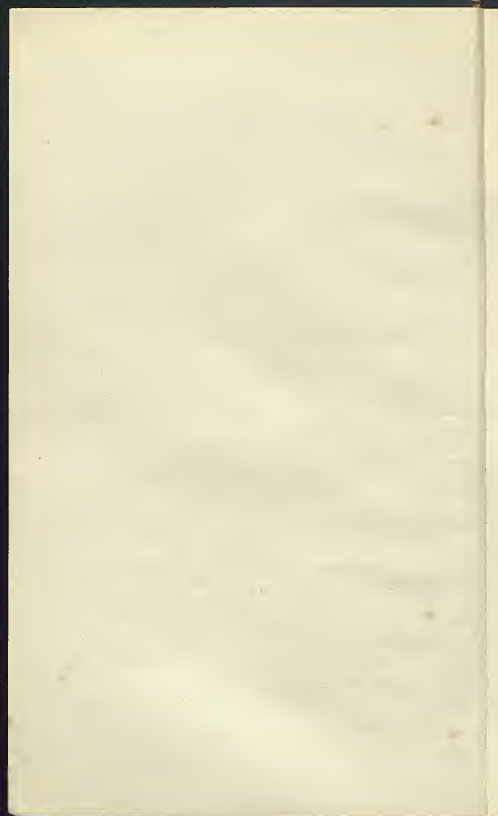
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THE SOUTHAMPTON University College Magazine.

= = *Editorial Notes.* = =

IT is with feelings of the deepest gratitude that we voice our appreciation of the splendid manner in which the Coll. rallied to our support in our difficulties. We must confess that it came to us as somewhat of a revelation that the Mag. held such a prominent place in the affections of the students, and we can only say that our utmost endeavours will be expended to ensure that their [generosity is amply rewarded. In passing, it may be worthy of notice that the last number was a *students'* Magazine in the full sense of the term. Except for a few editorial jottings, from cover to cover it was entirely the work of the students themselves. We believe that this is unique in the history of the Mag., and without wishing in any way to disparage the scriptorial powers of our worthy Profs. we do not hesitate to say that this is as it should be. The Mag. is *primarily* a *students'* institution, and as such it is most desirable that as much of it as possible should be written by them. We have maintained this standard in the present number, and shall endeavour to do so as long as our term of office lasts. It depends entirely upon the students whether or not this endeavour is successful, but, bearing in mind the late evidence of the loyal support which we enjoy in the Coll., we have no doubt whatever about the point.



We have long inclined to the opinion that the Easter term is the most ideal period of the collegiate year in many respects. The strangeness of the surroundings to the new comer has faded away; their own idiosyncracies have become

obliterated or tolerated, as the case may be, by their elder *confrères*; the *esprit-de-corps* of college life is fast welding together the old and the new into a compact, cohesive whole, and the generally pervading *bonhomie* makes those of us who are inclined to cherish regrets for the past realise that life is still, on the whole, a pleasant thing. When summer ushers in a new term—but that is another story, and must wait until our next. The present term has proved no exception to the rule. Even the baby deity whose machinations are usually associated with this auspicious season has been by no means idle. It may be urged that we are unduly frivolous and light hearted in this time of stress. Let any such caviller come to the College on Saturday mornings, and behold the spectacle of venerable professors, learned lecturers, and happy-go-lucky students cantering round the hall in joyful company, loosening their stiff knee-joints for the benefit of their country. Such a democratic assembly could only be the result of a great and terrible realisation of the imminent danger which besets the Mother Country. All honour to those worthy gentlemen who are ready to sacrifice so great a divergence of status in the common cause!



For some of us there is yet another cause for an absence of undue hilarity,—for those of us for whom the time of departure from this venerable pile is drawing ever nigher. We are fast approaching the last lap of the course of our college life, and from time to time our thoughts will wander back to what has been, and even perhaps to what might have been. But

"Hence, loathed melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn,
Midst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy."

For the present we are still in the hey-day of this most joyous life, and if ever a doubt with regard to the future tends to cloud our mind let us cast it hastily from us, believing whole-heartedly with the poet that

"God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world."

H. A. T.



During the past few months the conversion of the new buildings at Highfield into a Military Hospital has made rapid progress, and the first batch of fifty wounded soldiers was brought in on March 14th. The Hospital in the present

buildings contains 275 beds, but temporary structures similar to the laboratories are contemplated so that the number of beds may be brought up to 500. The main buildings are devoted to the reception of patients, with rooms for the Medical Officers and Matron, whilst the Laboratories are allocated as follows:—Biology, men's barracks: Chemistry, medical equipment stores; Physics, maids' quarters; Dynamics, staff kitchens; Engineering—upper portion, Nurses' Home; remainder, motor ambulance shed, linen stores and laundry.

The War Department up to the time of writing have erected a small adjunct to the Engineering Block for use as boiler house and disinfecting chamber, and, on the north of the site, near the road, a small building as mortuary. They have constructed rather more than a quarter of a mile of good gravel road, leading from the two entrance gates down to the bottom end of the Engineering Block. They have put in a complete installation of electric lighting to the Laboratories; fitted up a Robey Undertype boiler and engine in the Engineering Block; inserted windows in many rooms which were slightly deficient in the matter of light; introduced a large quantity of sanitary and internal fittings; thoroughly drained the site of the Laboratories, and connected up by main drain to the public sewers. The total cost of this and other work is about £3000. It is expected that operations at present in hand will be completed by Easter.

Captain Lauder, M.D., is the officer in command; Mr. T. A. Parker, of the College, is the architect for the work; and Messrs. Moss and Sons, of Loughborough, are the contractors.

It may be added that Highfield Hall has been continuously full of patients since it was handed over by the Principal to the Red Cross Society.



Since our last issue Professor Starkey has received his commission as Lieutenant in the Royal Fusiliers. The College members of "G" Company of the 5th Hants are now dispersed in various directions. One section is in India, and we print parts of two interesting letters from old students relating their experiences in that region. In this connexion we regret to record the death of Mr. Herbert F. Crook, B.Sc.

(1909—1912), which occurred soon after his arrival there. Another section is in Scotland, helping to guard the Docks at Leith, whilst another is still billeted in Southampton, ready for service abroad when called upon.



In the last number we referred briefly to the death of Mr. W. E. Darwin. By way of supplement we summarise and quote some passages from an obituary notice which Mr. Darwin's brother, Sir Francis, has contributed to the Christ's College Magazine.

William Erasmus Darwin, the eldest child of Charles Darwin, was born in 1839. He was educated at Rugby, and Christ's College, Cambridge, where he kept for the greater part of his time in the rooms that had been occupied by his father. He served in the University Volunteers, and was at the same time an officer of the Down Corps. "This last fact," writes his brother, "was impressed on my boyish memory by the fact that his sword fell out of its sheath and broke it out of a pile of 12 dessert plates; these, which were bright green, covered with embossed grapes, were much admired in their day, especially when combined with brilliant purple finger glasses."

On leaving Cambridge, Mr. Darwin settled in Southampton as partner in Grant and Maddison's Bank, which was afterwards swallowed up in Lloyd's. "I cannot," says Sir Francis, "fix the date at which he began to be useful in civic affairs, but ultimately he had a good deal to do with public business:—the County Council, the Waterworks, and especially the University College. Of this institution, which began life as the Hartley Institute, William was Treasurer for 41 years, and in the opinion of the Registrar, Mr. Kiddle, an official of long standing, 'there has never been a time when Mr. Darwin did not regard the College as his chief interest in public life.' Dr. Hill, the Principal of the College, writes to me with generous enthusiasm of his work: 'It is impossible,' he says, 'to speak of your brother's services in terms of appreciation which would over-emphasise our debt to him. . . . It was largely owing to his advocacy and a contribution, which raised the College income to the minimum for recognition, that it first received in 1897 a share of the Treasury Grant. In 1911 the Council were informed by the Board of Education that the old buildings were unsuitable, and that its licence as a Training College for Teachers would be withdrawn at the close of the succeeding year unless meantime a sufficient sum of money had been collected.' William threw himself energetically into the struggle against such a catastrophe, and with the devoted co-operation of his friend Mr. Claude Montefiore was largely instrumental in collecting the necessary £32,000, and thus the life of the College was saved."

In 1877 Mr. Darwin married Sara Sedgwick, daughter of a New York lawyer and an English mother. "Their pleasant home at Basset," writes Sir Francis, "soon became a favourite spot for those short holidays which my father's ill-health compelled him to take." After the death of his wife, in 1902, he settled in London, where "the charm of his transparently lovable nature brought him a pleasant body of friends." He remained

young in spirit to the end. "Before he gave up his Southampton home his leg was injured in a hunting accident and had to be amputated; to an active man this was a misfortune, but no one ever heard from him a word of complaint or despondence."

"He had many interests and read widely: art, science, history and biography. He was a keen amateur geologist and took an interest in plants. He made some good observations on the pollination of *Epipactis palustris*, as recorded by his father in the *Fertilisation of Orchids*, ed. ii., 1877, p. 99."

Mr. Darwin died rather suddenly in September of 1914, at Sedbergh, where he was spending the summer with the family of his brother Sir George. He was buried at North Stoneham, near Southampton, beside the grave of his wife.

We may add that a portrait of the late Mr. Darwin, and his favourite picture of Southampton Water by Robert Leslie, has been presented to the College by the Darwin family.

At the beginning of the term Miss M. Rudgard, B.A., entered upon her duties as Librarian. Miss Rudgard is an Honours graduate in Modern Languages of the University of Wales, and has held educational appointments in England, Germany, and Roumania.

In anticipation of the marriage of Professor Sutherland, which took place in the Christmas vacation, presentations were made to him both by the staff and by the students at the close of last term, in token alike of the respect in which he is held, and of the good wishes which attend him and Mrs. Sutherland in the Great Adventure.

A presentation has also been made by members of the staff to Mr. Dixon, as a mark of the esteem in which he is held by his late colleagues.

The Extension courses for the session were closed by Mr. Fawcett's successful series of "Studies in Human Environ-

ment." In his first lecture, Mr. Fawcett considered the direct relation between Man and the Earth regarded as the source of materials for the preservation of human existence. Primitive people got their supplies from the small region round about them, whereas civilised man has spread his tentacles, as it were, over the whole of the earth. In his second lecture the advance of man was traced from the collecting stage, through the hunting stage, to the parallel pastoral and primitive agricultural stages. The final lecture explained the marks of the State, emphasising the fact that without a definite territory there can be no State.



A document of some interest has recently been forwarded to Tudor House by Mr. Eastwood. It is dated 1707, and is the indenture of a certain poor boy, Thomas North, who was apprenticed by the Poor Law authorities of Portsmouth to be assistant to William Smith, cook of H.M.S. *Exeter*.

"We may note," writes Mr. Eastwood, "that our fleets had been considerably increased about this time to protect our rapidly-growing mercantile marine and guard our shores. In 1705 no fewer than 40,000 men were required for the fleet. The naval supremacy of Britain was being challenged by France and Spain, and we had engaged in many actions and raided a large number of their chief ports. The press-gangs did their best, and their efforts were supplemented by the wholesale ensHIPment of gaol-birds, vagrants, and poor-house boys. As, despite the general improvement of social conditions in Britain during Stuart times, there was alongside it an increase of vagrancy and pauperism, the Justices of the Peace and the parish authorities were delighted at this chance of ridding their areas of some of the undesirable and expensive elements which were overcrowding the recently-established workhouses. At a later period the parishes even received small bounties for the 'recruits' they furnished, and could this cut down the poor rates a little. It was not long before they began to pass on other inmates, both male and female, to the service of the farmer and the industrial ganger, or foreman. The treatment meted out to them on ship, or in farm or workshop was very severe, and their lot was in no wise better than that of slaves. They were the victims of bullies on land and sea. The brutal instincts of flogging captains and other masters outside reached a climax simultaneously with those of the tyrannical Bumbledom inside.

"We can presume, therefore, that the boy North had hard times aboard the *Exeter*, and when, in turn, he became a cook himself and manipulated his own pans, would pass on the legacy of hardships to another trembling orphan, drafted in from a similar source. One condition in the indenture is that the apprentice must receive one suit of working and one of holiday apparel when he reached his 24th year. There is no mention of any other special recompense for his years of drudgery, and as by that age it was usually too late for a youth to learn a new trade, he was generally a naval man for the rest of his active life. We may note, too, that the naval

authorities of those days rarely troubled themselves to carry out their promises of bounties, suits, etc., punctiliously if the claimants were merely sailors or petty officers.

"The indenture bears the name of Sir George Rooke in one corner, and this may possibly be his signature, though it is more probable that it was placed there by some clerk who filled up the forms when men and boys were transferred to the Navy in this wholesale manner.

"This was the Rooke of Vigo and Gibraltar fame, but the boy was too late to participate in these glorious feats. The brilliant portion of Rooke's naval career was virtually finished by 1707, and the Navy, though doing good work and foiling the enemy's designs, performed no signal exploits capable of bringing it back to the limelight for many decades afterwards. The rest of North's career was probably therefore of the 'mute and inglorious' sort, devoted in the main to salt pork, ship's biscuits, and pan-scouring."



On February 26th an interesting and instructive lecture on Historical Songs was given before the Southampton Society of Old Hartleyans by Mr. C. H. Holmes, B.A. In the course of his remarks Mr. Holmes said that songs had played a great part in the formation of the general character of nations. They had not always been of good composition; indeed, were generally of wretched verse. It was a curious fact that many songs specially written by good writers had failed to "catch on," while quite mediocre compositions had happened to hit the popular taste, and had had great influence upon the minds of the people. The great example during the present crisis was, of course, the phenomenal leap into fame of the music-hall ditty, "Tipperary." Songs, illustrating the points made by the lecturer, were pleasingly rendered by Miss Humphreys and Mr. Campfield. Among the most noteworthy were "Wearing of the Green," "Lillebullero," "Tipperary," "Yankee Doodle," "Marching through Georgia," "John Brown's body," and "The Marseillais." At the close of a most enjoyable evening, Dr. Alex Hill, the President of the Society, cordially thanked the lecturer on its behalf.



THE LIMITS OF SOCIAL DEMOCRACY.

* * *

DURING the last few years Social Democracy (which is virtually the same thing as Socialism) has enjoyed such a vogue in all civilised countries that no statesman, however he may despise its theories, can exclude it altogether from his calculations. The movement, which became a potent factor in European affairs on the foundation of the International in 1864, received a slight blow in 1870-71, both from the Franco-Prussian War and from the doings of the Paris Commune. After 1871, however, its power began and continued to increase without ceasing, in spite of all the legislation of Bismarck and his successors, till it soon attained really formidable dimensions. The reason of this great success is quite obvious. The poorer classes have important grievances, just as they had in France before the Revolution. The modern Socialists (like the Physiocrats, or economic theorists, who were largely responsible for the French Revolution,) tell the poorer classes that they have certain infallible theories which if adopted will soon put an end to all grievances. These theories, which have never stood any practical test, being merely the result of abstract reasoning, are eagerly accepted by the labourer, who sees before him visions of Utopian bliss. What could be simpler or more agreeable? The prodigious advance of the Social Democratic movement was therefore due to the fact that it had never been called upon to take its trial. But suddenly, by the outbreak of the present war, the movement received a powerful check, which is at the same time a very valuable test of its power to achieve the ends of which it has dreamed so long.

The fundamental principle of modern Socialism is this: that the present form of civilization depends entirely upon the material wealth produced by a vast mass of manual labourers. These producers, however, receive as wages only about one-fourth or one-fifth of the value of their produce, the remainder of which, according to the Socialist, is seized by a parasitic class, who do no work, but yet get by far the greatest share of the profits. This class is supposed to be responsible for all the wars that take place; in fact, it is said to encourage war by fostering militarism, so that it may coerce the masses by armed force.

We now come to the question which, in view of the present state of affairs, is the most important of all, namely: the conduct of the labouring classes in case of war. Since war

cannot be initiated without the co-operation of the masses, the Socialist advises the workman (who in most European countries is a conscript) to refuse obedience to the parasitic or oligarchical class. Nothing could be simpler, according to him. But what has really happened now that war has tested the feasibility of these agreeable theories? Instead of refusing his obedience, the German workman has allowed himself to be mobilised; has marched against his fellow-workmen in Belgium and France: has attacked them with unparalleled ferocity, devastating their homes and giving vent to such brutality as Europe has never seen since the Thirty Years' War.

The reason of this behaviour on the part of the German workman is easily explained by instincts of which the Social Democrat never dreamed: the spirit of fighting and the consciousness of racial difference which often lie dormant or are somewhat allayed by education, but are always ready at a given moment to prevail over the economic or calculating spirit. Before the present war the Socialist was persistently blind to the circumstance of racial difference. He maintained that the human race was divided, not according to races and nations, but according to classes. Lamb playfully develops a theory of the same sort when he speaks of the human species being composed of "two distinct races—the men who borrow and the men who lend." "To these two original diversities," he continues, "may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes—white men, black men, red men." It has been objected by some Socialists that the German workmen did not go of their own accord to the war, but were forced. Although we have clear evidence that this was not the case, it is nevertheless an interesting consideration. Suppose the German workmen were *compelled* to fight. How came this about, when, according to the precepts of Socialist leaders, they were merely to refuse obedience to their superiors and thus prevent the war? That they did not do so seems to prove definitely that, contrary to one of the first of Socialist principles, the *many* are able to affect nothing without the aid of the Few.

We may now return to that doctrine, so dear to all good Social Democrats, that the manual labourer is the author of all civilisation. Here is the root of those oft-repeated shibboleths: "All men are equal;" "One man, one vote;" "The will of Democracy." What is the "will of Democracy?" It is the aggregate of individual judgments. Moreover, these judgments must, so to speak, converge in one individual, who represents them; otherwise they would not

be effective. In this way it is absolutely necessary for the many to depute persons who shall represent their judgments, so that the "will of Democracy" may prove effective. In other words, authority must be conferred by the *Many* upon a select *Few*. Consequently all democracies, from ancient Athens down to the U.S.A., are bound to have a certain amount of the oligarchic element.

As in politics and war, so it is in industry. Herbert Spencer admitted that war could only be successful if controlled by the Few, but he attempted by some very ill-considered arguments to show that this was not the case with industry. But there again, however, there must always be experts of various kinds to direct the work—engineers, chemists, architects, etc. Moreover, it is natural that these directors whose functions require higher ability and more elaborate training than those of the labourer should receive higher wages and hold positions of authority.

If, therefore, we admit the absolute government of the many by the few (*i.e.*, an absolute oligarchy such as existed in ancient Egypt and Carthage) to be tyranny, we are also bound to say the same of a political system where the educated and cultured Few are governed by the unskilled and uncultured multitude.

On the other hand, no thinking person will deny that democracy can influence a government potently and in a good direction; but that influence ceases to be wholesome when democracy claims to assert those fantastic rights which Socialists would confer upon it. It would therefore seem that the most reasonable form of government is one in which there is what Burke calls a "nice equipoise" of the democratic and oligarchic elements. Such government, as Burke saw, is the best guarantee for liberty, and for the happiness of the individual. Indeed, the despot who pretends to divine right, and says there is no law but his will is not one whit more absurd than the manual labourer who proclaims himself to be the author of all the wealth and culture of the world.

H. N. L.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE 1914 STUDENT
CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT CON-
FERENCE AT SWANWICK.

* * *

I HESITATE as I commence to deal with this interesting, yet sadly misunderstood subject. The difficulty is to know what to omit, and from what standpoint to approach the topics on which I decide to deal. The difficulty is accentuated by the fact of the diversity in the relations of my readers with regard to the subject. I think however that it will be of greatest interest to the majority if I deal with it under three headings: namely, the reason for the conference, its members, and its message.

But before I launch out on these topics let me first disclaim any partiality whatsoever. Indeed, before I myself went to Swanwick, I was quite "fed up" with hearing it eulogized. I seemed doomed to be continually meeting C. U. men and women who *had* been to Swanwick and their conversations almost invariably took the same turn, sooner or later. "Have you been to Swanwick?" "No!" "Oh!"—and that "Oh!" expressed sentences. It seemed to say "Well, then, you are quite an outsider, and cannot possibly understand anything about that or any other subject." So it was not with any degree of anticipation that I looked forward to the Swanwick week, which our energetic President had induced me to attend. When to this is added the irritability naturally attendant upon a fortnight of the Intermediate Examination, you may imagine that it was with a prejudice against rather than for Swanwick that I arrived there. So, whatever your personal views with regard to the Student Movement or Swanwick itself may be, you can read this as the unbiased and faithful account of the impressions received by an unprejudiced spectator.

Having got this off my chest, I will forthwith proceed to try to describe to you the factors which contributed to make me alter very considerably my views on this subject.

The reason for holding such a conference as this every year is, I think, two-fold. In the first place, it is the very best means of forming a strong and intimate bond between the various Christian Unions throughout the British Isles. We are apt, in every Christian Union, to look upon our own little cabbage-patch as the whole universe, and it is not till we go to Swanwick that we realize that we are only branches on

one huge business. This gives us the encouraging thought that, if things are not flourishing in our particular college, yet there may be elsewhere a great boom. We can, after coming into contact with them at Swanwick, take a keen and intelligent interest in the doings of other universities and colleges. This, and this alone, would constitute ample excuse for the holding of such a conference.

Then, secondly, the annual conference is intended to set the key-note of the work of the various Christian Unions for the year. All problems affecting students and those questions in which students are destined later in life to play a prominent part are there threshed out in the light of the highest ideals. This again tends to bring about a deeper, a fuller unity amongst the student class, for no longer do students tackle the great problems along their own lines, or "on their own hook," but along pre-arranged plans and with a careful system. Thus we find to-day men and women who are complete strangers to each other, yet who are engaged in the same work and in the same way, and that way generally the best possible. The summer conference is intended to be (and is) to the student as the annual training camp is to the Territorial or the O.T.C. man. He has been engaged in drill on a small scale, but now he is given a little practice and experience in manœuvring on a large scale, and is trained to work in unison with other forces.

Those are the two reasons for the conference: to shew to the students the nature of the movement of which they form a part, and to shew to the movement the natures and needs of the students for which it was created.

Now let us turn to the subject of the men of the conference. (Of the women I cannot, of course, speak, but I expect that the same remarks, with necessary modifications, will be quite applicable.) In this connexion more than in any other I received the greatest shock imaginable. I had not imagined *before* that all Christian Union men are rather poor specimens of humanity, but I was hardly prepared to find such a fine set of fellows as was there. One would have thought that the majority had assembled for Olympic Games rather than for a "pi" conference.

We certainly had good opportunities for studying one another's characters and persons, as we were under canvas and so saw each other under all sorts of conditions. In the camp there were about four hundred men. We all wore badges on which were our names and those of our colleges. This did away with all such irksome necessities as introductions,

and paved the way to an easily-formed acquaintance. One could not help being struck with the entire absence of snobbishness. A Southampton man was just as good as a Cambridge man (indeed better, for they were not so common!) and if a man had not heard of your college he did not affect a supercilious smile at its (comparative) insignificance, but apologised for his crass ignorance, and you just told him that the loss was his, and "*voilà tout !*"

The predominant feature of the camp was one of the greatest jollity. All the time between the meetings and in the afternoons was spent in rollicking fun. There was soccer and rugger every day, and tennis when it was fine. Possibly you have never had the pleasure of playing an international footer match in gym shoes. If not, come to Swanwick next year and you will realize what you have missed. There were many other exciting games, such as blindfold boxing matches and plenty of good "rags." It was, moreover, not only with the students that one became familiar. There was also an almost unparalleled opportunity for seeing the "parsons" as *men*, and not merely as clerics. This was partly owing to the fact that everyone wore footer shorts, so you often couldn't tell whether the man beside you in the mess tent or whom you tripped on the footer field was a humble student like yourself or some famous cleric. It was this free-and-easy feeling of equality that made the whole thing such an exceptional experience. We were not students assembled to be talked-at by some superior intellects; we were all students together. Not, however, that there were no speakers of greater capacity than the ordinary. You have only to look at the list of Swanwick speakers and you will realize that we had there (and always have) some of the most able speakers and deepest thinkers in the country.

In speaking of the men of the conference I have yet made no mention of the visitors from foreign lands. Yet they were one of the most striking features of the conference. One was brought into intimate touch with the students of almost every country. To any opposer of Foreign Missions I say merely this: "Go to Swanwick; get in touch with the foreign students there; hear from *them* of their country and its needs; study the minds of the different nationalities, and you will see that your ideas of Foreign Missions had previously been extremely cramped and inaccurate, and you will realise that the Missionary problem is not merely a religious and ethical question, but social and economic.

Well, let me just close my attempt at description of the men of the conference with an account of a typical rag. A

day or two before the end of camp the occupants of one of the Irish tents, being very lively, or else having been kept awake by the serenades of the Welsh men (some of *these* Welshmen could sing!), rose about 5.30 and commenced to rag some of the other tents, hauling men out of bed on to the wet grass, and loosening the stay-ropes of the marquees. After a while of patient endurance the worm (or worms) turned and set-to on the Irish marquee, and did their work so thoroughly that eventually the tent was razed to the ground. I happened to come up at this juncture, and to my great surprise I saw, sitting amongst the ruins, Professor Alexander, of Cork University College. One has plenty of rags at Coll., but it is rather strange that one should find in a Christian Movement Conference a rag in which students, professors and parsons participated. Strange, at any rate, to the uninitiated!

I should like to tell of a few more rags, such as the driving of the sheep into the camp manager's (Mr. W. Paton) tent, but I must hurry on to my last topic, namely the message of Swanwick.

Swanwick is an eye-opener! I have already mentioned the fresh ideas of Foreign Missions one obtains, but, indeed, it is not only with regard to Foreign Missions that one gains new impressions. One is brought face to face with the essentials of our beliefs, and *then* is forced to consider the *practical* outcome of such beliefs. The haze of professionalism and unreality with which we are apt to clothe our religion, is entirely dispelled at Swanwick. This may be partly due to the fact, that the audience is attired in "footer togs," and often the chairman and speaker are similarly clothed. Now, when a man who has just been knocking you over on the footer field gets up in his footer togs and begins to address you on essential matters, you might think that it would appear incongruous and irreverent. But, as a matter of fact, it does nothing of the sort. You see instead, as you look at his brawny knees and firm biceps, that religion is to him, not a mere emotional spasm which recurs occasionally, after eating too much, or when he feels sleepy, but an active and ever present force, permeating his whole self, so that he is no less religious when on the football field than when in church, and which makes him what Byron truly conceived to be the perfect cleric, namely "a minister, but yet a perfect *man*." And this is the aim of the Student Movement. Not to make plaster saints, but to make saintly *men*. We have to prove to the World that religion is not, as Nietzsche said, and as many Christians portray it, "the negation of life," but rather that the religion of Christianity does "give life, and give it more abundantly."

I have already mentioned the practical element of the Conference. Whenever a subject is discussed, and a conclusion is arrived at, the matter does not rest there. The question comes "Since you have agreed to this, and recognised that this is the only solution to the problem, how is it going to affect your life?" Suppose, for instance, you have come to the conclusion, after serious thought and study, that the only solution of the "yellow menace" is to be found in the evangelisation of China, are you going to stop there, or are you going so to regulate your life that this ideal may become an actuality? *That* is what Swanwick does. It gets students not merely to talk, or to think, but to *act*.

The Student Movement is breeding that type of man which has become rare, almost to the point of extinction, namely, the idealist who is not a dreamer. And it is at Swanwick that one meets with such men.

If I were to stay to discuss the good work the Student Movement and the Swanwick Conference are doing as an inter-denominational bond, I should need an extra magazine to myself, and although the subject would be worth it, you would certainly grudge the extra tanner for my exposition on the subject. So I will merely hint at it.

Well, to conclude, at Swanwick one is taken for a brief space on to the Mount of Transfiguration, and one feels the atmosphere of Heaven, *but* the valley of sin and of suffering is *never* lost sight of, and the experience of the mount does not make one unwilling to return to "the daily round, the trivial task," but rather equips us for it, and gives us a vision that will remain even in the darkest hour of failure. It was in the strength of this vision that our delegation decided to adopt as the motto for this session, "The College for Christ, and every Student a Christian." "A lofty and impossible aim," you say. Lofty indeed it is, but anyone who has been to Swanwick *cannot* call it *impossible*. Even now, eight months after the Swanwick Conference, its message is still so clear and unyielding that we, at any rate, who were there will *never*, while we remain at College, cease to live in the light of that aim.

To those of you (and I expect you are in the majority) who think this empty bombast, I give this challenge "Come to Swanwick, and see for yourself, and *then* deny anything that I have said."

R. P. V. C.

ON GETTING UP IN THE MORNING.

* * *

ON Thursday, February 4th, I was walking through the streets of Southampton, when my attention was attracted by a shop window in which stood a large alarm clock. I was reminded by this that I had only that morning had a very narrow escape from missing the first three periods of College work through the delinquency of the servant whose duty it was to awaken me. I had, however, managed to scramble on to the boat just in time, to the accompaniment of cheers from the spectators, only to find that in my hurry I had omitted to affix to my collar that most necessary adornment, a tie. As I thought over these things, and remembered that I had not yet supplied the deficiency in my neckwear, I mentally decided that the boat should never in future be held back whilst I made the best of my hurrying way down to the embarking-place. I entered the shop, and, after having been treated to a specimen of the clock's musical powers, I put down my two and nine-pence with a sigh, and left the shop with a parcel under my arm.

When I attempted to board the boat that evening, the parcel attracted the notice of the Purser, who asked me in mildly apologetic tones whether I was a British subject. I told him that he might safely bet his boots that I was, or words to that effect. He allowed me to pass, still regarding the parcel with suspicion. As I passed along the passage I turned, and found him bending with his ear against the clock. Evidently he had heard it ticking and had suspected an infernal machine. He was hardly satisfied when I opened the parcel and disclosed the wholly innocent cause of the mistake. But he did not molest me further.

Ere I retired that evening, I set the small hand of that clock to the unearthly hour of five-thirty, in the manner which the shopman had described to me, and retired to rest after having told the servant that I could dispense with the usual knock in the morning; for was I not to be awakened by the sweet strains of the bell?

.

That row of little dots represents the state of oblivion into which I fell. I was awakened by the hooter at six o'clock the next morning, and I had such a scramble to catch the boat that I had no time to enquire into the misbehavior of the

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clock. But on the way over I tried to think of any sin of omission of mine which might have caused the mishap. I finally came to the conclusion that I must have forgotten to wind the thing up. You may judge, then, of my astonishment on arriving home again to hear that one of the maids had been seized with hysterics on hearing the clock suddenly go off at the hour of half past eleven! I made a thorough examination of the works of that clock, and could see nothing wrong until I discovered that I had set the wrong end of the hand to five-thirty, and the business end was sure enough pointing to eleven-thirty.

The next morning, the clock went off at its appointed time, but as I had (in consequence of the possible effect on the rest of the household) only given it a few winds, it emitted a feeble tinkling noise, and then shut up entirely. Consequently I went to sleep again, and again caught the boat by about two point nought nought one seconds. The next day was Sunday, and I did not set the alarm at all that night. But there lives at our house a particularly mischievous specimen of that class of being known as a "younger brother," and he got busy on the clock, with the result that at four o'clock the next morning the whole street was aroused by the sounding of the bell of the clock. It was in vain that I sprang out of bed and felt for the lever which you had to move to stop the thing. First I harked my shins against a chair, then I fell over my slippers, and when I got to the clock I could not find the lever. The remarks of such of the neighbours as I happened to meet that day were not fit for publication.

I vowed that the next morning should find me at College in good time, whatever might happen to the clock. I assembled the whole family (with the exception of the afore-mentioned young brother, who did not dare to come within my range for several days), and I bade them help me to set the thing to go off at the proper time, and to make just enough noise to awaken me, and not enough to awaken the neighbours, and I put the machine on the mantelpiece, determined to sleep the sleep of the just. For the sake of safety, however, I ordered that someone should knock at my door if the clock should not have gone off by five minutes after the appointed time.

More dots, please, Mr. Printer.

.

The clock was five minutes overdue, but I had been awake for an hour and a half expecting it to ring every minute, so

that did not much matter, as far as getting up was concerned. I heard a footstep outside the door, then a knock on the panel, and a tired voice remarked "It's past half-past five, Mr. _____."

Just then the bell began to ring. There was a scream from outside the door, followed by another as the clock in its vehemence slid off the mantelpiece and fell to the floor with a crash and a bump; a sort of "dull, sickening thud," as the story-writers say. I obtained a light, and swept up the fragments of clock. It seemed to have completed its life by a total disintegration, and I feared that no juggling with the Calculus could integrate it again. But I was in plenty of time for the boat, and I was glad even through my tears for the clock. I arranged for the funeral to take place the following evening, and marched off down to the boat, arriving there ten minutes before the "advertised time of starting." The skipper was on deck, conversing diligently with the Engineer. When we were five minutes overdue, I made my way to where the skipper was still standing, intending to remind him that such an event as my arriving early ought to be reciprocated at all costs by a punctual departure of the boat. I had hardly uttered three words, however, before he interrupted me.

"I can't help it" he said. "The boiler has bursted a tube, and you will have to wait till the next boat before you gets away."

"Oh!" I said. "_____." (NOTE.—Large portion here excised by the Censor).

Well, I went home again, attended to the obsequies of the clock myself, had a second breakfast, and arrived back in time to catch the next boat at ten-fifteen. But nowadays I rely on the punctuality of the servant.

N. F. P.



OIL NUTS FOR KNUTS. X

* * *

A FEW weeks ago I was told a joke which a certain learned man made in his lecture. Some days later, during a lecture, I had a curious dream which I feel I must unfold.

I was in a long narrow room, of which the furniture was stiff-backed chairs and bookcases lining the walls. In the chairs sat—or rather perched—patriarchal males in flowing robes with ribbons round their necks. At first I thought they were politicians wearing their Party colours, but a second glance shewed they were college colours. Then in a flash the meaning of this assembly dawned upon me. I was in the midst of a meeting of the "Professors' Trade Union!"

My next thought was to wonder for what reason this meeting had gathered. Since every chair was occupied, it must be a matter of importance which was up for discussion.

Now and again detached fragments of conversation reached me, such as, ". . . matter of precedence . . .," ". . . touch of insanity . . .," but they conveyed nothing at the time. Suddenly this gentle manner of their talk ceased as the door at the far end opened. Through it a man in gorgeous robes, attended by two other men, appeared. Behind them was a scholarly-looking man, who moved forward as in a dream.

This latter gentleman was evidently a criminal, if the scornful glances with which he was greeted counted for aught. Happily he was too occupied with his own thoughts to notice these glances as he took his seat.

Then the one of gorgeous apparel stood up and began—

"Fellow Workers for the Good of our Race: We have a very serious matter to bring before your notice. This learned man on my left was, until recently, one of our most honoured colleagues. He conformed to all our rules, and was regarded as a typical Professor by all his students, which, as you know, is the highest honour possible. He never gave way to levity, and, if I may quote,

"No useless flash socks enveloped his feet."

"His tie was of no vivid hue, and his gait was always dignified. If an earthquake had occurred while he lectured he would have finished his lecture before dismissing the class. His jokes were the favourites of Adam, and occurred year after year at exactly the same place in exactly the same lecture. Could a more perfect specimen of our class be found?"

"Now he throws aside all these honours and has sunk lower than the youngest member of our Union. Lately we have had an incursion of young and giddy men who will not appreciate the dignity of their position. They smoke, laugh, and enjoy themselves even as a student does—shame be their reward! Perhaps our late honoured member has been consorting with such spirits; at least, for his grey hairs place the blame with them. He has perpetuated a most awful crime—a joke appreciated by the students. This joke is not in our lists of hardy annuals, and, moreover, the Council have their suspicions that it is even ORIGINAL. We have not seen any mention of knuts in our joke-books, and consider such folly beneath the dignity of serious men such as we. I leave it to you, gentlemen, to decide what course we shall take."

Then the hubbub arose! Some cries of "Mark him off!" were heard. A suggestion was made that he should make application for membership of the Students' Union, since he had become a human being. Thus he would be amongst kindred spirits who enjoyed life and indulged in wit.

At that point my dream was rudely shattered by the bell, and I awoke in time to hear the one dispensing knowledge say, "That will do for this morning, gentlemen." I felt like asking him what the punishment was, since I had seen his face in the meeting, but on second thoughts I decided to slip away while I was safe. As to the ending of my dream, I am still hoping to finish it one of these days during another lecture.

TAP.



RAIN—RAIN—RAIN.

* * *

(Being the Footer Team's impressions of the Isle of Wight trip).

LIKE all great events, it came about very suddenly. No, not the rain, for like the poor, that is always with us. I refer to the fixture.

It was Thursday, and hastily we made our arrangements and got permission to forego our "beloved" studies for one day. Little recked we of the breakers ahead.

The boat was due to leave the pier at 8.20 a.m. How were we to perform the miracle of getting there by that unearthly hour?

It is a strange thing to relate, but the miracle happened—we all got there; thus fulfilling the words of that profound philosopher, who said—

"Pile up all the unpleasantness, discomfort, and fatigue you can lay hands on, and label the accumulation—Pleasure, and you will get thousands to follow in its pursuit."

I repeat—we got there,—but what weather! Rain, hail, and wind, all vying with one another to show what each could do in its own particular line.

Wearily, and with a long drawn sigh, the captain put the matter before us, and we were compelled to admit the folly of going.

Wearily we thought of the beds we had left, the breakfasts we had scampered over—all for what?—to have the pleasure (*sic*) of being in Coll., for once in our lives, at a respectable time before lecs.

But were we dismayed?—not though we knew our hearts were heavy—as were our wet overcoats.

But a fire, a whistle pipe, a piano, and a mouth-organ, and the musical Welsh contingent soon cheered us up, and we departed to our various lecs., with minds a little more reasonable.

But we were not to be allowed the calm comfort of studious minds. We were all buried in our various tasks, when suddenly a pain struck the eyes. What was that glimmering shining light that shone athwart our books?

It was a beam of "Old Sol" come to jeer in delight at making fools of us.

But "Old Sol" reckoned without the impetuosity of these "muddled oafs." Grim and unprintable were the things we thought; till suddenly inspiration came to one of Cambrian's sons—a boat left at 11.10. Could we all be gathered in time to catch it?

"Nothing attempted, nothing done" was the Welshman's motto; on the other hand something attempted, something might eventuate—so he sought out the Captain. The latter, amid a litter of cells, oil baths, galvos and what-nots, was standing with clenched fists, trying to hide his thoughts concerning the weather. But the sight of the faces at the door dispelled his gloom. Up stairs and corridors he careered, yanked the Sec. out of his studies, and in two minutes decided to go. Telegrams were sent, kits were brought out, and hey! presto!! by 11.10 we were away.

At the stern we all gathered and defied the perils of "*mal de mer*" by singing—What the passengers suffered is not for the writer to say.

At length we got to Ryde, where the excitement started with the burly constable, who grunted to us—"British?" One of us answered "Presbyterian," and for a moment trouble loomed, but the cloud passed, and we went on to sample the pleasures (!) of the Island's railways.

At last we reached Sandown, and, except for one member, who lost his ticket for half an hour, and then found it in his hand,—no further mishap took place.

Dinner was the next item, and at this all shone,—too much so for the Captain, who glowered threateningly as third helpings were being stowed away.

But while this was going on "Old Sol" had evidently discovered how he'd been tricked, for instead of the sun, a wind, and a cold one at that, was trying to freeze our marrow. We got to the field—and then the fun started.

Rain, sleet and wind in profusion greeted our kick-off, and in a minute we were drenched and almost frozen. It was too much to stand and think things, and I believe several ran about as hard as they could, whether the ball was near or not.

The game, however, was an excellent one. But tragedy dogged us, for the centre forward, tore off the sole of his boot and was obliged to hop around like a chicken, on one leg, and incidentally lost a certain goal.

In silent pleading we looked at the Ref., till suddenly it was all over.

We changed hastily and rubbed as hard as we could, and by the end of tea (a really scrumptious affair), we began to get our sense of touch back again.

Hopefully we jogged back to the station to catch the 5.5 p.m. Carelessly we looked at the station time table—when—horrors!—"the 5.5 p.m., will be discontinued as from — till further notice." The announcement was pithy, really an epigram—"a short sentence giving one something to think about."

Were we downhearted? Judge yourselves, when I say that, to a man, we struck up—"We won't be home till morning."

Hasty visits to the Stationmaster were made, and telephone messages were frequent. "Go to Ryde," "Go to Cowes," "Go to Portsmouth," were messages given us in quick succession.

Were we dismayed?—to show our deep concern, we shook the station rafters with a "Gobli."

At last, the Ryde train came in, and with it a message in best "Oily Wight." "'E says, as the bests thing to do, is to go to Ryde where 'e opes to be able to keep a boat back, 'e says."

To Ryde we went, and sure enough a boat waited for us; not without sundry cursings from some of the passengers, who also had to wait.

The passage was breezy, and excitement was maintained by our boat colliding lightly with a small yacht.

Eventually, we got to Southampton Pier, drenched, tired, but as happy as sandboys.

No, we wouldn't know the Island if we met it again, that is, we should refuse to acknowledge it, if we did.

ADFUI.

HOW WE WORKED. ✕ ✕

* * *

HALF TERM had come and gone. We were reviewing the happenings of the past few weeks when we were struck simultaneously by the same thought—that, taking things all in all, we couldn't honestly say we had done much work so far. Rapidly we calculated the time to Terminals—less than a month. Straightway we formed a resolution to start work on the following Monday and to grind at it.

Monday came, but somehow the spirit moved me not. Perturbed and curious I set forth to see what was the state of things in the Digs. Strange to say, there also the Spirit of Work had failed to spread its benign influence over those that dwelt therein. Things looked serious. Suddenly our faces brightened. "If we go now we shall just be in time. [It was then eight-thirty. The inference is obvious.] We'll work to-morrow." Strange to relate, eight-thirty on Tuesday saw the same process at work. You know it's fearfully hard *starting* work, almost as bad as *doing* it. But—on Wednesday we gave over these things. At eight-thirty on Wednesday the Digs. did not set forth as before. Work had begun, you say? Perish the thought. *Seven-thirty* saw them in the Gods consulting each a Packet of Ten. Somehow or other the work did not seem to be progressing at all, so Thursday was given over to serious consideration of the matter, and it was definitely decided to start in earnest the following week. What about Friday and Saturday? Well, I don't think they'd interest you much. Of course, if you really want to know we'll tell you, but of course—you understand, don't you? You see, too, it was a pity to start work so late in the week.

Monday. Work, real work. No cheap imitations, but the genuine thing. Strange, you say? But, I've heard it said that the — (Censor again) wasn't up to much that week, and further, if you really work on Monday it's wonderful how free you feel for the rest of the week. Anyhow, the unaccustomed effort told its own tale. The zeal for work was exhausted, and on Tuesday and Wednesday we sought mental relaxation after the manner of Joseph and Jove respectively. Thursday a little work was done, just to satisfy the calls of conscience, but nothing beyond the legal demands of our task-masters. Friday and Saturday were put in at Coll. Anyway, with seven clear days in front of us, it really wasn't worth while starting work so late in the week.

The third Monday came, and with it the Blues. Something had gone wrong somewhere, somehow or other. Could we work? Not a bit of it. We knew we couldn't, so we didn't waste time trying. Hip. was rather good that week. Funny thing, you know, the Blues: you can't get rid of them in a hurry, especially when you've got them badly. Well, we had them very badly indeed. Tuesday came and found them as bad as ever. So did Wednesday. [For these two days, please see corresponding days of the first week.] By Thursday we were convalescent, so we looked at a few books. Really, we looked at them for quite a long time;—then we put them carefully aside, so as not to damage the bindings, and gave up the evening to philosophy and the function of the adjective in the English language. Thus we prepared ourselves for Friday and Saturday, which gave rise to serious thought. Saturday was Education, so we worked on Friday, after which we felt morally uplifted, and, strong in that upliftment, passed over Saturday without any serious mishap.

On Sunday another great thought came into being. On Wednesday Terminals would be upon us in all their hideousness. That meant two clear days for solid work. No more playing about; no more reckless squandering of time; on Monday and Tuesday we would work. I was solemnly warned that if I shewed my face at the Digs. on Monday it would be treated extremely unceremoniously. Well, I don't know exactly how it happened, but, *after all*, we all seemed to realise that as we had Tuesday left there was really no need to grind away on Monday; we might just as well—— [For Monday evening see Monday of first week.] On the morrow we felt the nearness of the ordeal weigh upon us mightily. Seized with remorse, we spent Tuesday evening cramming up notes, and retired to rest feeling we had done our duty; that, true to our resolution, we had worked for Terminals. Thus, satisfied in soul, we strolled in at nine, or thereabouts, on Wednesday, feeling like heroes, with a dash of martyr in it.

Gentle reader, not for mine own amusement have I recorded these doings; not for my own good, but for thine. For lo! there are in this Coll. they who imagine that it is their duty when one Terminal is finished to start working for that which the next Term will bring at its close. These creatures do so, I am persuaded, from ignorance rather than from a desire to commit sin. They imagine that to do well in exams. one must swot at every available opportunity. It is because of this that I have put on record these few doings of the Digs.; and I do so in hope that when these poor misguided mortals see what is done by the intellectual deities of the Coll. they

will take unto themselves wisdom and discretion, and so order their lives in future that they may in the fulness of time become something approaching human beings.

GARRULUS.



THE STUDENT'S SOLILOQUY.

* * *

To swot, or not to swot, that is the question.
To work ; to swot ;
To swot : perchance go mad ; ay there's the rub ;
For in that madness all those dreams that come
When we have shuffled off our healthy coil
Must give us pause ; there's the senate
That troubles all our happy lives ;
And who would bear the whips and scorns of Profs.,
The lecturer's wrong, the lab. boy's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the marking off,
The weariness of lekkers and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes
When he himself might mad become
With a dose of swot ? Who would lekkers hear
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the consequences of our cutting,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No student e'er returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of ?

H. J. G. A.



THAT Miss Payne should buy an alarm clock.

THAT Mr. Bratcher should do likewise.

THAT Jimmie moved.

THAT Babs took our advice and had his hair cut.

THAT Microbe makes a good background for his pipe.

THAT he should try a bit of tobacco in it soon.

THAT the M.C.R. stove "leak"-ed in more ways than one on St. David's Day.

THAT from Maggie's calm exterior one might conclude he was a Senior.

THAT all the "footer" team wished they had taken Latin in the Isle of Wight.

THAT consequently Sausage was "bucked" up.

THAT Mr. Bratcher is the next Chancellor of the Exchequer.

THAT Miss Urry gave quite an interesting account of the Bi-lab at the Trial.

THAT Palgrave's Golden Treasury is not to be compared to the one the junior women have in Miss Lunn.

THAT in the Central Hall on the evening of the trial it was a case of "Dusk and the shadows falling."

THAT the Bournemouth men cannot sing.

THAT that fact does not, however, debar them from trying.

THAT Mr. Jones could *not* get away from that policeman!

THAT the same gentleman should be wary of taking nocturnal peregrinations so *late* into the night! People are *so* suspicious nowadays—German spies, R. J. Ludford, Esq., F.R.H.S., etc.

THAT Mr. Barnes is a brave man.



REFLECTIONS ON MY TRIAL.

By an Innocent German Spy.

The arrest of a certain naturalist and his dramatic trial for espionage are well within the remembrance of all our readers. In this short article, he gives us an account of that anxious time through which he passed when his life hung in the balance, and he was the object of universal scorn and contempt. This actual life drama of an innocent man at the foot of the gallows is here given to the world for the first time.

IT came to me as nothing short of an earthquake to find myself arrested as a spy. Had the sun been converted into an ice cream, or the leek into a sweet smelling herb I should not have been less astonished. I had heard of innocent people suffering all sorts of ill fates before now, but it never occurred to me that I should be such a victim. How soon brotherly love turns to scorn, how soon the "Hail brother, well met" turns into "Down with the traitor, off with his head." And what had I done? When I think of it my indignation is aroused to the fusion point, nay, even unto the flash point. I become like a wasp in a pill box, like a frog in a biscuit tin, like a lion in a cage. Day after day I had striven and longed and yearned, to add one more beetle to my zoo, one more oak tree to my herbarium, just one more water flea to my aquarium. When cannons roared in the distance, and Zeppelins bombarded the cabbage plots of peaceful citizens, I still kept on. When I was driven from one ditch by an armed sentry I went to the next, and when I was further impolitely informed to "Get a jerk on," I sought fresh fields and pastures new. But every time I saw the flash of a bayonet, and heard an unkind martial voice, I had unpleasant feelings within me. Still I persevered. Little did I think that they whom I called friends were watching like vultures in the clouds, like rabbits in a warren, like snakes in the grass. But all men learn by experience. Revelation is a bitter thing, and it stabs deep just like a sword thrust through the epidermis and cutis vera, right through the areolar tissue and inter-costal muscles, piercing the thorocial cavity, even unto the pleural sac, and maybe the heart itself; but such a blow is merely physical.

Think of the mental agony of a trial. Every time a key rattles you seemed to be encased in irons and chains, and you can see the grim gaunt gallows, and feel the drop beneath—down, down, down, and then a nasty jerk, which is the last of all jerks. Something goes click, and you scent powder and brimstone in the distance. You seem to face a myriad rifle barrels pointed at your head, your eyes, your ears, your mouth, your tongue, your arms, your legs, your heart—everywhere. You can see right down the barrels with the little bullets waiting to meet you. And then the terrible word "Fire," and they are all after you, knocking you here, banging you there, piercing this part, stabbing that, pricking, stinging, smarting everywhere. And that such should be the experience of a just man, words fail me ———.

The time when I should appear in court duly arrived. I will not comment on the degradation of being dragged before men as a robber, or a murderer, neither will I dwell on the appearances of the court officials who hovered around clad in black robes, as though in mourning for their victim. Then "Muir" for the prosecution arose. He stood there and poured forth a torrent of words and biting, stinging phrases. His eyes seered to shoot forth piercing flames of fire, which surged around me. He spoke of England's fair land as a den of rascally foreigners, who sought her weak parts to pierce and wound her. "This town," said he, "is of stupendous importance in the present crisis," and I had been found spying out its strength, and its weakness, that the enemies of the Empire, the Huns and their infamous allies, might profit by the knowledge I had gleaned. Oh! misguided, deceived man, that he should think such thoughts, or even entertain for one instant such ideas about me. Had we been together on a lonely plain, and had I but a sword, or a pistol, provided that he were disarmed, and at my mercy, powerless to save himself, helpless as a babe, then would I have slain him? No, forgiven him, as a mark of, or rather as a living testimony to, my better faith in mankind. When he had finished his denunciation of espionage in general, and me in particular. He called upon his witnesses. Oh! the ridiculous jots and iotas. Some had seen me on the Common in the early hours of the morning when the realm of Nature is veiled by the mistiness of night. Others had seen me on the Western Shore, looking at those wretched pea shooters on wheels that they call guns—bah! what did I care about their miserable shot flingers, and smoke producers; they are but the mud and dirt, the soil in which Nature plants some of her most wonderful works. Is it not in such places that Algæ and Fungi grow together in that

happy state of unity called symbiosis? Ten thousand times more peaceful than matrimony—that living in union amongst the higher zoological species *Homo sapiens*.

The reign of my persecutors was followed by that of my defenders. When the good "Tobin" arose, his gracious words fell upon my ears like a soothing balm on an aching wound. Each sentence he uttered was like a fresh pull on a rope raising me from the stagnant mud swamp of dejection, into which I had been plunged by my persecutors' railings, and upon my extrication like a doctor to my rescue came the learned "Attenbury." As the stars faded in the light of the sun, or moon, so "Muir" and "Briggs" grew dim before "Tobin" and "Attenbury." Several witnesses were called on my behalf, some spoke the truth and others tried to, but they did their best for me, and my heart goes out to them in gratitude as the heart of a beggar to the generous housewife who proffers to "a starving man" dying of alcoholic abstinence, the stale loaf that the charwoman cannot eat. Most ingenious excuses were put forward by my worthy supporters. Indeed even my leading counsel in his earnest zeal to save me from my enemies at the same time undermined my standards of morality. "Ordnance Maps indeed had the prisoner," said he, "but do you not know the reason? Naturalists like all hard working men soon get thirsty. Can they drink muddy water, which is to them a veritable Zoo? No, of course not. Then may not it be that the prisoner had these maps so that he could spot the nearest place of refreshment in his hour of need."—A shocking suggestion, but there, it was really meant in the right spirit, and I am grateful in my wrath. Then there was the lady who said she was struck by me when she first saw me. Shame! to think that should be said of me. I have never hit a maiden in my life, and I have always been a staunch supporter of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." At last I was put in the witness box and cross-examined. No question was asked that I didn't answer as a just man should. Though they thought to frighten me with frown and stern looks, yet as a wasp that seeks undauntedly the flaming red nose of its aggressor, so I unflinchingly held my ground. I explained to the judges how that a student of Nature must pursue his studies even in the middle of the night when mankind sleeps peacefully to the lullaby of the cats on the roofs. So hard was it for them to find any errors in my ways that they must needs ask my name and calling. I told them unashamedly that in the words of the learned I was an Applied Psychologist, but according to the

man in the street a "kid-whacker." Next they wanted to know what studies employed my leisure. Accordingly I lifted up my voice and said, "I am interested in all things that creep and crawl, and all the green herbs of the field and mountain sides. I am fascinated by Histology, Pathology, Comparative Anatomy and Physiology. Now and again I sample Petrology, Palæontology, and Mineralogy, and as a change I like Ecology, or Neurology or perhaps Anthropology."

Like a thunder bolt from out the blue etherial sky came the verdict of the judges—"Don't put him in jail, put him in an asylum; pity him rather than blame him!"

Oh! the humiliation of it, the insult! Oh! the terrible awful degradation. What a burden for mortal man to bear. Alas! —————

R. J. L.



THE LAST SOIRÉE. ❧

* * *

Hark to the dance-tunes calling, calling—
Ah! but their voice is sweet!
Hark to the music rising—falling,
List to the whispering feet.

Hear how the sweep of the silken dresses
(Swaying, swinging, aswirl,)
Sings in the waltz's sound-caresses;
Lightly the bright forms whirl.

Youth's light laughter, fleeting, vagrant,
Snatches of careless song,
Wafted with hints of perfume fragrant
Rise from the wheeling throng.

Ah! but if Age might keep Youth's laughter,
Life move to Music's spell,
Heedless each moment of what comes after—
Silence and long farewell!

A. S. A.

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MR. JAMES GETTING SPEAKERS FOR DEBATES.

"Stay! Speak, speak! I charge thee, speak."

Shakespeare.

THE STUDENTS' MOTTO, II.

"Dona præsents cape laetus horae et lingue severa."

["Joyfully snatch the gifts of the present hour, and let serious thoughts be."]

Horace.

ALL OF US.

"A compaignye
Of yonge folk, that haunteden folye."

Chaucer.

MESSRS. TULLY AND GILGAN.

"It waves me still, Go on. I'll follow thee."

Shakespeare.

MISS L. S--T-N.

"Multi Lydia nominis."
["Lydia of high renown."]

Horace.

TERMINAL RESULTS.

"List! list! O, list!"

Shakespeare.

COLL. MEN "RAISING THE WIND."

"So, uncle, there you are."

Shakespeare.

THE HOSTEL.

"At night we'll feast together."

Shakespeare.

PERCY.

"Equitum decus."
["The glory of the *Knights*."]

Horace.

ANY LECTURE.

"This is too long."

Shakespeare.

COLL. MEN JUST BEFORE GRANTS.

"Quibus opes nullae sunt."

["Those to whom there is no money."]

Sullust.

SOIREES.

"You jig, you amble."

Shakespeare.

9.3 A.M. IN THE HIGH STREET.

"The time is out of joint,
O cursed spite!"

Hamlet.

THE LADIES' PARADISE.

"Not a mouse stirring."

Shakespeare.

CHARLEY.

"Immanis ianitor aulae."

["Doorkeeper of the awful Hall."]

Horace.

THE STUDENTS' MOTTO.

"I must be idle."

Shakespeare.

MR. TICKLE.

"Sowninge in moral vertu was his speche."

Chaucer.

SCRUMS.

"Insanire iuvat."

["Let's all go mad."]

Horace.

ALL THAT SHAKE KNEW ABOUT IT.

"A tanner will last you nine year."

Shakespeare.

MR. CARPENTER AS M.C.

"Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face."

Dekker.

CHORAL.

"Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep!"

Midsummer Night's Dream.

THE COLLEGE CLOCK.

"The time is out of joint. O cursèd spite
That ever I was born to set it right."

Hamlet.

THE U.C.S. STUDENT THIS TERM.

"The year's at the Spring;
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven"
(and breakfast about 8.57!)

Pippa Passes.

ADDRESSED TO SOME OF THE JUNIOR MEN.

"Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe."

L'Allegro—Milton.

MOSES.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone!"

Ellen Wheeler Wilcox.

CRIT: LESSONS.

"Can you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are weeping in the playtime of the others
And *we* cannot stop their tears!"

Cry of Children—E. B. Browning.

LANDLADY AT THE "DIGS."

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Goldsmith.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF EDUCATION.

"Great, therefore, must be the breach between the world of Practice and the world of Thought."

Principles of Logic—Williams.

BUNS AT BREAK.

"O, Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree!
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy."

Deserted Village—Goldsmith.

THE RIFLE CORPS.

"Ye patriot crowds, who burn for England's fame!"

Dr. Johnson.

THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

"We'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair:
And train them for the skies!

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age.
And crown our hoary hairs!"

The Fireside—Nathaniel Cotton.

THE SPY TRIAL.

"The Court was sat, the culprit there."

A Long Story—Thomas Gray.

THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

"Words of learned length and thund'ring sound."

Goldsmith.

MR. BR-T-H-R.

"When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears
To steal his sweet or honey'd sentences."

Shakespeare.

LEKKERS.

"All knowledge is not nourishment. The mind may pine upon its food."

Willis.

SCHOOL PRAC.

"Taught, or untaught, the dunce is still the same;
Yet still the wretched teacher bears the blame."

Dryden.

PROFS.—STUDENTS.

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

Burns.

PROFS. *vs* TERMINALS.

"Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer."

Pope.

MR. CL - - K.

"How can I bear to leave thee."

College Song Book,

"Loth to depart while each looketh on each."

W. Morris.

SCRUMS.

"A sweet disorder in the dress."

Herrick.

THE TRIAL.

"All men are liars."

MESSRS. JONES AND GAMMON.

"Distorted was that blooming face
Which she had fondly loved so well."

Shenstone.

TERMINALS.

"I must think, do all I can."

Wordsworth.

BABS.

"Thy voice sounds low and tender."

Nature—Wordsworth.

A BOOKWORM.

"Uncertain and unsettled he remains,
 Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself."

Milton.

MR. PRETTY.

"Polly, you're not a beauty; yet you're Pretty."

Richard Savage.

MR. _____

"Preposterous ass! that never read so far
 To know the cause why music was ordained.
 Was it not to refresh the mind of man
 After his studies, or his usual pain?"

White.

MR. GIBBS.

"Up, up, my friend! quit your books,
 Or surely you'll grow double."

Wordsworth.

MR. T. Y. OR:

"Cleon sees no charm in Nature—in a daisy, I."

Mackay.

MR. LUDFORD—GERMAN SPY.

"The silence often of pure innocence
 Persuades, when speaking fails."

Shakespeare.

COLLEGE WOMEN.

"Oh, I am pressed to death through want of speaking."

Love's Labour Lost.

CONCERNING GRANTS.

"Man wants but little here below,
 But wants that little long."

Goldsmith,

MAGAZINE CENSOR.

"Let them censure!—What care I?
The herd of critics I defy!
Let the wretches know I write
Regardless of their grace or spite!"

Matthew Prior.

BUN BOY'S DEPARTURE.

"In hours of bliss we oft have met;
They could not always last!
And though the present I regret
I'm grateful for the past."

Congreve.

MR. MCGUIRE.

"O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice."

Wordsworth.

GEORGE, AT CLOSE OF INTERVAL.

"Avaunt and quit my sight, let the earth hide thee."

Macbeth.

DINERS AWAITING SEC.

"Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon."

Shelley.

THE WELSHMEN.

"Dulce est desipere in loco."
[Tis sweet to act the fool in season.]

Horace, *Odes*, 4.

THE BELL (after interval).

"What a plague hast thou to do with the time of day?"

Henry IV.

MR. KNIGHT COLLECTING SUBS.

"No ego te meis
Immunem meditor tingere poculis."
[I do not propose to steep you in my cups for nothing.]
Horace, *Odes*, 4.

U.C.C. STUDENTS.

"We take no note of time."
Night Thoughts—Young.

THE SWOT.

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
(That last infirmity of noble mind),
To scorn delights and live laborious days."
Lycidas—Milton.

MR. JONES.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend."
Shakespeare.

HENRY.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."
Goldsmith.

JUNIORS.

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence."
Byron.

SOIREES.

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."
Scott.

DRAWING.

"Water, water everywhere."
The Ancient Mariner—Coleridge.

MR GILGAN.

"The Right Honourable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts."

Sheridan.

THE WELSH STUDENTS.

"They love their land because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why."

Halleck.

LAPSUS LINGUAE.

* * *



"Supposing you were forming *pairs* by yourself."

Mr. Mackie.

"We cannot accept Margaret as the *hero*."

Prof. Lyttell.

"My Bonnie Lass" is double forte!"

Mr. Leake.

"Lerwick in the Shetlands has one of the best schools in England."

Mr. Fawcett.

"I found several examples of split infinitives. . . . You ought to simply say"

Miss Fox.

"The man died at the end of his life."

Mr. Mackie.

"This is the easiest method, but the other is just as easy."

Mr. Parker.

. . . the great toe, which has a certain basis of fact."

Also

"From any disease under the sun the patient recovers if he lives long enough."

Dr. Hill.

"I often congratulate him. So do lots of other fellows."

Miss Seaton.

"I should like to dip my fingers in blood up to the *ankles*."

Prof. Lyttel.

"It was in the reign of Henry II.—*after* his death, of course."

Miss Payne.

"The vision she caused those who heard her to hear will not soon pass."

Mr. I. R. James.

WITH THE COLOURS.

* * *

The following are extracts from a letter which Prof. Eustice has received from a late engineering student, Mr. A. H. Attrill, B.Sc., serving with the 5th Batt. Hampshire Regt., in India:—

1558, G. COY., 5TH HANTS REGT.,

ALLAHABAD,

INDIA,

December 7th, 1914.

DEAR PROFESSOR EUSTICE,

Just a few lines to say I have settled down quite nicely to Indian life, and so far the climate seems to suit one well. We have, of course, a very cool station during the winter, the mornings and evenings being very cool indeed. . . .

Our voyage to this country was quiet and uneventful, but until now things have been quite lively for this company. We had a three days' train journey from Bombay to Allahabad. A glorious journey it was too, stops every hour or so, living on bread, hully beef, and cold tea, with twice a long halt for a hot dinner of stew and potatoes. We were quite glad to get to the end of it, although we were seeing a great deal of Indian country.

The country around us, as far as we have seen it, is not particularly Indian in character. In many places, indeed, it looks quite English. Two typically Indian animals I have not set eyes on yet. . . . One is the tiger and the other the elephant. Not even a tiger skin or an elephant's tusks have I seen. . . .

We remained four days at Allahabad and were then sent off in company with F. Coy., for detachment duty until the arrival of the 5th East Surrey Regt.

Cawnpore we found a delightful place. . . . We were all very sorry to leave, but the Surreys arrived, and on Friday last we came back to Allahabad, arriving about 5 o'clock. It is very dark here just after six,

and we were sorrier still when we found nothing in our bungalows got ready for us, and even great difficulty in obtaining lamps to light the place with. Eventually these difficulties were overcome, but I assure you we were not particularly sweet-tempered that evening. Since then we have settled ourselves comfortably for some months stay here. . . .

Believe me to remain,

With very best wishes,

Yours very sincerely,

A. H. ATTRILL,

Pte. 5th Hants.

The following description of life in India will doubtless be of interest to many. It is an extract from a letter received on March 12th by Miss Auhrey, and was written by Lance-Corporal H. C. Lewis, a past student of the College, who sailed with the first detachment of the 5th Hants in October last:—

"You will be very surprised, no doubt, to hear that I have been on the Frontier, but this is easily explained. On January 12th a party of 25 from the battalion was ordered to proceed to Sialkot, the head-quarters of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Here we were to receive special training in the new drill. Sialkot is quite a small place, noted particularly for its output of sports materials. I should think the majority of the sports outfitters in India have settled here, for every hat, ball, racket, etc., etc., bears the imprint 'Sialkot.' I expect you have noted the splendid heroism of the 2nd West Ridings during the retreat from Mons. Well, this battalion here is their 1st Battalion, but they have recently been allowed to change their titles.

"Our surroundings here were entirely different from those at Allahabad. We were only twenty miles from an extensive range of hills—a continuation of the Himalayas, I believe. These 'hills' were exceedingly high, for they were all snow-capped, and I can assure you we found that when the wind was blowing from that quarter great-coats were in special need.

"It was astounding the great change we found in climatic conditions.

"The journey from Allahabad is practically 1,000 miles, so you will see that once again I had the rather doubtful pleasure of travelling for a few days in the train. The accommodation for troops even in ordinary trains is most deplorable. I am not sure of the 'class,' but I suppose it was a very bad 'third,' and this is something abominable.

"Here's rather a scrappy sketch of our departure:—

"We marched from camp to the station fully equipped, and had our kits drawn in oxen waggons. This method of transport is exceedingly slow, yet fairly satisfactory, because it is seldom kits are lost.

"Arriving at the station we immediately unload. This in India is indeed an unforgettable experience. Immediately you commence you are assailed by innumerable natives, pushing and clamouring for precedence. Of course, as you are busily occupied with huge kit-bags, which usually contain many hard corners, your attention is somewhat distracted from the 'pothor' around, until you find yourself a perspiring, dishevelled and irritable 'Tommy' surrounded by over-zealous natives, all striving to relieve you of the troublesome kit-bag.

"Well, when you have managed to arrive on the platform, again begins your struggle for existence. Eastern railway stations are the very limit for crowds, noise, clamour, bustle and colour.

"The scene is decidedly kaleidoscopic. Everywhere one sees colours of the most vivid hues, and their owners are shuffling about in a kind of dreamy haze, regardless of anyone, apparently deeply centred in their own thoughts. It is a veritable maze, through which one threads one's way with the utmost difficulty and determination.

"Eventually the carriage allotted to the party is reached. . . . [Mr. Lewis here gives some particulars of travelling conditions. These were not in all respects satisfactory, but in cost at any rate there is an advantage over England, for, he says, 'one can travel in comfort almost equal to our best 3rd class for $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a mile.'"]

"The scenery was very monotonous. It was plain, plain, and plain again. There was absolutely no variation—just the same flat, dreary, wide expanse of land, partially cultivated in some places, wholly run to waste in others. Irrigation, of course, is carried on to a large extent, and in nearly every field we saw the small well, the buckets being worked sometimes by hand, at other times by oxen.

"There are, of course, considerable areas under cultivation. We saw maize, sugar cane, tea and tobacco plantations, wheat, and an enormous amount of mustard.

"In places, too, the vegetation was most luxuriant—tall grass, amongst which we could occasionally distinguish jackals and the 'pariah' dogs, countless palms and banyan trees, amongst which the birds—parrots, 'seven sisters,' jays, etc.,—flitted, their gay plumage standing out vividly when the sun's beams slanted on it. Monkeys we saw in abundance, some small, others of quite good size—by the way, we were able to obtain monkeys here for 8d. each. Hidden amongst the mango groves we could distinguish some shrine, at which occasionally we saw the pilgrims attending to worship.

"The journey to Sialkot took from Tuesday evening until Thursday morning; we arrived about 7 o'clock.

"Oh, I must not forget to mention that on the route we passed through many famous cities—Cawnpore, Lucknow, Delhi, Amritsar and Lahore.

"I must say our arrival at Sialkot was not very auspicious. There were 25 of us, all tired and all very dirty, for none of us had been able to wash properly since the Tuesday, and now we had to march 3 miles in bitterly cold weather. On arrival at barracks, though, we had a splendid 'feed'—fried eggs and chip potatoes—and then proceeded to quarters.

"We stayed at Sialkot until Monday, and then went farther north for 86 miles through Jhelum to Diva. Here we were to stay for manœuvres.

"And such manœuvres! I've never had such a gruelling time in all my life.

"I do not think we were able to rest comfortably during the whole of our stay.

"To begin with, in the tents—different in shape from the 'bell-tent' in England, but larger—we had to crowd 16 men, with kits. This was indeed a problem, and it needed more than a philosopher to view the disorder with equanimity.

"It was no unusual occurrence to find clean linen, socks, treacle, dirty crockery (enamel!!) and boots in one huge sticky mass, whilst the owner

or owners of the articles would be ruefully regarding the calamity in awed silence, or venting his wrath in no uncertain language—this naturally depended upon the temperament of the person.

"The scheme of training, too, was most bewildering. We were up and about at a moment's notice, marched off without any indication of our destination, and we would not see camp again until we had been trekking through river beds—through miles of fine, dry, white sand, which rose in clouds and settled in the throat and chest, until we almost went mad with thirst. Or, to relieve the monotony, through streams and bogs, until we were saturated from waist downwards. This kind of marching would go on for $11\frac{1}{2}$ miles, then we should attack over hills massed with boulders, running and balancing in most terrifying positions, and scaling impossible crags. I often thought of Wolfe's taking of Quebec during these days. Even when we had pressed the attack home we were not to rest, but had to entrench against a possible counter-attack.

"We were compelled to sleep in the trenches for two nights, and damp, wretched and uncomfortable they were. The nights were bitterly cold, and when you consider that we only had two blankets and a great coat, you can guess we were not having such an easy time.

"This was typical of the work we did during our stay.

"The natives here are very clever in hill warfare, and led us many a merry dance.

"They are fine big fellows, have very swarthy skins, and dark bushy beards, they are decidedly magnificent fighting material, and I can tell you, I should not care to meet them in actual warfare.

"I'm afraid I have quite a lot of sympathy for Germans who have the misfortune to meet them.

"Well, I've been in Allahabad now for nearly three weeks, and have had a slack time since my return, for the battalion has gone on manœuvres, and they are expected to be away for a month.



SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY. ❧ ❧

THE first meeting of the term took place on February 9th, when members and visitors had the privilege of hearing a lecture by the Principal.

Dr. Hill, taking as the title of his lecture "Infection and Protection," dealt with some of the diseases produced by the presence in the blood of germs, illustrating his remarks with lantern slides.

Indicating concisely the ways in which the germs enter the system, the lecturer described the manner in which they are absorbed and rendered innocuous by the phagocytes of the blood.

Dr. Hill concluded his interesting and very instructive lecture by describing the protective effect of vaccination and inoculation.

At the conclusion of the lecture a vote of thanks was unanimously accorded to the Principal, on the proposition of Mr. Carpenter, seconded by Miss Thomas.

On February 23rd Professor Eustice delivered a lecture entitled "Freezing and Melting at High Temperatures."

Using the word "freezing" in its strictly scientific sense as indicating solidification from a molten state, the lecturer said that the rate of cooling could be best exhibited by means of a cooling curve. Most of these curves were dealt with, the outstanding features of each type being clearly enunciated. The importance of the experimental results as applied to the metallurgy of iron and steel was emphasized. Professor Eustice said that the melting point of an alloy is often much lower than that of either of its constituents, and exhibited an alloy of bismuth, cadmium, tin and lead, which melted in hot water, although neither of its constituents will melt below 232° C.

The lecture was illustrated by a large number of slides showing cooling curves and the micro-structure of metals.

S. H. T.

WOMEN'S COMMON ROOM.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE term is drawing to a close; the days pass in such quick succession that one hardly realises that Easter is near; and yet it is so, and soon we must leave our "sanctum," with its rest and peace, and separate for the holidays.

It happened one day, after a long reign of sobriety and calm in the Common Room, that the inevitable occurred. The checked and controlled spirits burst forth, and the Seniors set out on the war path. It was a Tuesday afternoon at the hour of four of the clock. Distant strains of music and the rhythmical sound of light and dainty feet in the Hall betokened that the Juniors were undergoing their weekly trial of "Physical Development." What could the Seniors do? Ah! that question was soon answered, and our room was transformed rapidly into a pawnshop. Clothes hung from the windows, the pictures, the gas-

brackets—in fact, from every available place. Boots and shoes occupied the proud position of sentinels guarding the mantelpiece, bright and vivid patches of colour relieved our somewhat faded curtains and dilapidated walls. It was indeed a wondrous sight, and we surveyed the work of our hands with surprise and most hearty acclamations. But, alas! "Pride will have a fall," and the next day the Juniors' cry was—"Vengeance is ours; we will repay." In vain the Seniors looked for their hats and coats. All had disappeared. Small bands of scouts scattered far and wide. Hope was well nigh gone, when an inspired one hastened to search the balconies of the Hall. Up we went, following quickly, and there in a huddled heap beneath the seats lay our long lost treasures. Lovingly, tenderly, holding them tightly, we restored them to their rightful pegs. Such is life! and yet we can truly echo Browning's words when he said—

"Should not the heart beat once, 'How good to live and learn.'"

CHRISTIAN UNION. ✕

▼ ▼ ▼

WOMEN'S BRANCH.

This term, although short, has been one in which work has been undertaken and accomplished. "Finance Week" took place from February 8-13, and during that time the Women Students, assisted by the men, raised the sum of £3 1s. 10d., by the sale of cakes, sweet, biscuits, etc., and by obtaining subscriptions.

A feature of great interest, was the visit to our College of Miss Shann, the Secretary of the Women's Student Volunteer Missionary Union. A Tea and Meeting for both men and women students, was held in our Common Room on February 13th, and Miss Shann gave the address. The Sunday Afternoon Combined Meeting was also addressed by her on the following day.

Special Combined Services were held on Intercession Day; (February 28th) one at 2.45, and one at 6.30. The former was addressed by Mr. Patterson, a missionary in Africa.

Yet another important event took place this term in the visit of Mr Paton, Assistant General-Secretary of the Student Christian Movement. Meetings were held on Wednesday, March 3rd, and Thursday, March 4th, in our Common Room. Mr. Paton addressed each meeting, and on both days a Tea preceded the meeting. Both men and women students attended in fairly good numbers.

G. P.

MEN'S BRANCH.

WE began our term's work with a Pre-Terminal Conference on Saturday, January

The afternoon was devoted to discussion of plans and other matters relating to the term's work.

In the evening the Rev. H. T. Spencer came and gave an address,—especially with a view to our plans and work for the term.

He showed how we were not to be too sure of our plans and ideas, but to remain open with a view to being used. He took as his subject "It is time for God to work." His remarks were very helpful to us all.

We have been very fortunate this term in having visits from two secretaries from Head-quarters

Miss Shann the Women's Secretary of the Student Volunteer Missionary Union, spent Saturday and Sunday, February 13th and 14th, with us.

On Saturday, we had the very necessary prelude to all good things—"A Tea." There was a very good attendance, and afterwards Miss Shann spoke on India and its Call—the opportunity for the educationalist, for the one ready and willing to go and help those in India, who were searching for knowledge. She pictured vividly how the peoples of that country *will* have education and their determined pursuit of knowledge. It rests largely with us as to what this pursuit shall end in, a materialistic outlook on like, or a life and ideals along the Higher Plane.

On Sunday, she followed up this address with one on the personal responsibility of each one of us to this Call. Much of the information and the vision she caused those who heard her to behold, will not soon pass.

Both as a College, and as a Christian Union, we must consider ourselves very fortunate in having with us for two whole days—Wednesday and Thursday, March 3rd and 4th.—Mr. Wm. Paton, the Assistant General Secretary of the Student Movement of Great Britain and Ireland.

He spoke on Wednesday—after Tea,—on "Religion in War-time."

On the following evening he spoke on "Prayer and the Christian Union." He showed the power and strength that lay behind a life of Prayer. He showed how all the men and women who have "done things" through the practice the Presence of God, have had prayer as the main spring of their lives.

The Christian Union, he held, should be a centre of real prayer.

All those who came in contact with Mr. Paton, will not easily forget his visit. He gave, in a small way, an idea of the type of friendship and brotherhood for which it is intended that Christian Unions through the World should stand.

Those who really want to get an insight into what this friendship and brotherhood really is, and how great it is, ought to hook July 22nd to July 29th, to be spent at Swanwick, under canvas. No man who goes will ever regret it. The life is fine, all classes of students, and of all nations, meet and live with one another under the freest conditions possible. The speakers are some of the best in the country.

Fifteen men can have a marquee to themselves. Buck up Coll! lets have a marquee at Swanwick, July, 1915.

The speakers this term have included Dr. Hill, Rev. Peter Buchan, Rev. Neville Lovett, Mr. Gale, Mr. Alexander Patterson (German Kamerun, West Africa), and Rev. Bright Jehu.

There is every likelihood of us having a good list of speakers for next term, so come along. We hope to start well—May 2nd—The Rev. Canon Mitchell!

I. R. J.

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## LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.



THE first meeting of term was held on January 22nd, when, in the absence of the Speaker (Prof. Lyttel), the Deputy-Speaker (Dr. Stansfield) took the chair at 7.25 p.m.

The Prime Minister (Mr. Rees) moved "That in the opinion of this House war is never justifiable." He ridiculed the idea that war cleared away needless people; it is the flower of the nation that is killed, and the weak left. Defensive war was ethically in support of morality, but the immorality arising out of the war far outweighed the moral goal aimed at. There are two religions—the religion of materialism and of spiritual force. Spiritual force holds

that right wins, whatever happens. The justifying of war casts aside all that is highest.

The Hon. the Leader for the Opposition (Mr. Ludford), in opposing the motion, said he had no intention of praising war, but simply desired to show that under certain conditions war was justifiable in spite of all its horrors. War is a return to nature; plants and animals must struggle for existence. The Germans consider their cause right. We consider our cause right; therefore all are justified in struggling for the right. War causes nations to respect one another, and turns man to God. This war was leading to a new patriotism, a new unity in national life.

The Hon. Member for Merthyr (Mr. Jones), in supporting the Government, said that the contention that this present war was a Peoples' War had been proved false by the festivities on the battlefield at Christmas. It was a Manufacturers' War. He further added that war creates war.

The Hon. Member for Bevois Town (Mr. Bratcher), in supporting the Opposition, said that it was a strong national feeling that kept a nation going. War, while perhaps not being the best instrument, had shown itself to be the most effective up to now in keeping alive this national spirit. The nations that have grown and developed have been fighting ones.

|                         |    |    |    |
|-------------------------|----|----|----|
| For the Government      | .. | .. | 11 |
| Against ..              | .. | .. | 18 |
| Majority for Opposition |    |    | 7  |

On February 5th the Society was favoured by a visit of the Rev. Canon Mitchell, who lectured on "A Matter of Taste." He dealt with poetry, music, and painting, and showed how their greatness depended, not on "taste," but on knowledge. There was a record attendance, and his lecture was greatly appreciated.

The meeting on February 26th took rather a novel form, *i.e.*, "The Trial of a Spy." The prisoner was charged with acting suspiciously on the Common and the Western Shore. The following was the principle

characters :—Judges—Prof. Lyttel and Dr. Horrocks; Recorder—Mr. T. R. James; Counsel for Prosecution—Mr. C. F. Bratcher and Mr. Parry; Counsel for Defence—Mr. F. Rees and Mr. Pretty; Court Usher—Mr. J. James; Prisoner—Mr. R. J. Ludford. Sentence: The prisoner was found "Not guilty, but insane," and ordered to be committed to an asylum during His Majesty's pleasure. The witnesses for the prosecution were convicted of perjury, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

On March 12th Prof. Shelley gave the Society a very enjoyable and instructive lecture on "The Story of the Staging of Shakespeare," with special reference to "Macbeth." The lantern illustrations were particularly interesting.

And now we draw to the end of yet another Session so far as this Society is concerned. Considering the outlook at the beginning of last term, we may safely say it has been quite a good one under the circumstances.

And again we must place on record our thanks to our President. He keeps the interest of the Society ever in view, and it is due largely to his timely suggestion here, or a little advice there, that the Society keeps its freshness and vigour.

It has been the pleasant task of some of us to have a longer connection with the Society than is the privilege of many members, and it is with rather mingled feelings that one finds oneself passing out at last.

We would issue, if we might be permitted to do so, a clarion call to those who shall come up next Session to uphold the grand old traditions of the "Lit. and Deb."

Owing to the necessity of sending this to the printer before the banquet is held, an account of that historic event will have to be held over till next term's Magazine.

I. R. J.

## THE RIFLE CORPS.    ✕   ✕

✕   ✕   ✕

This term has been a busy one for those people in charge of the range. Owing to the numbers, it has been worth while to have the range open every day for two or three hours. More interest was aroused in the firing, since a students' team had to be picked to meet the staff.

The match Staff v. Students was fixed for February 27th, the result being given on the scores of the four highest on either side. The students won by one point, after an exciting finish. The four highest scores are given:—

| <i>Staff.</i>       |              | <i>Students.</i> |              |
|---------------------|--------------|------------------|--------------|
| Prof. Shelley       | .. 93 points | Mr. McGuire      | .. 90 points |
| Mr. Tomlinson       | .. 90 ..     | .. Street        | .. 88 ..     |
| .. Shearing         | .. 85 ..     | .. Barnes        | .. 86 ..     |
| .. Crawford         | .. 81 ..     | .. Tully         | .. 86 ..     |
| Maximum—100 points. |              |                  |              |

The Principal had a surprise awaiting all. This took the form of two silver cups—one for the highest score in each team. The cups were given in the College just before tea, after the match.

For next term it is proposed that a College League should be arranged. Teams representing the various counties will form it, and thus men will be able to shew that superiority over the other counties of which they are so fond of boasting. If supported, this arrangement should provide a large amount of interest in the firing next term.

As regards military drill, most of us have become, to some degree, more proficient, and hope to succeed the little man who doubles round to the back of the section when "About turn" is given. "Form fours" is now a mere detail, and some bold spirits declare that "Right form" and "On the right, form section" are quite simple. At present all the drill has been that of close formation. All this is only preparatory to extended order drill, which must be performed in the open, owing to the space required. Arrangements are being made to see if a camp at Easter can possibly be arranged, when this could be performed. It is hoped that when these notes appear everything will have been arranged, and the camp a definite fact. If it is, the next Magazine will probably contain an article on the fun which was obtained from it.

A. P. T.

## SOCCKER NOTES. x x



THE season's matches were few, and results as follows:—Played, 6; won, 2; lost, 4.

Not a very creditable performance at first sight, but those who have watched the games have agreed that scores are not fair criterions of a match.

However, we have one more match to play, and we hope to win it.

### v. Sandown Secondary School. (Away. Lost 2—1.)

This match will be remembered by all who participated in it, even down to the linesmen, as one of the keenest games they have played in, and although we lost, we were glad to lose to a "sporting" team.

As to the game there is little to be said. It was played in miserable weather, and consequently the football was not so good as might have been.

We scored early in the first half through the medium of Jenkins, and maintained the lead up till ten minutes from time, when, with Rees and Kemp *hors de combat*, Sandown scored twice.

For the Coll., Gammon was outstanding player, whilst Tully was the best of the halves.

### v. Taunton's School. (Away. Lost 4—2.)

"What was the matter with the forwards?" was the only comment one could make after this match, for as a line they were useless. The defence was good, Gammon and Pretty being the "shining lights."

In the first half, we were soon three down, but scored one before the half time whistle blew. This was a "pretty" goal, Rees doing the necessary.

In the second half Taunton scored again, but Coll. rallied and scored again, Jones being the scorer.

If the forwards had but been normal we should have won, but it is no use to "cry over spilt milk"—or rather, missed goals.

### v. Grammar School. (Away. Lost 3—1.)

"The best game I've refereed in on this ground" was the referee's comment, and it was true enough. The Coll. did well, and, but for Gammon's unfortunate collision with the opposing back, we might easily have gained a victory.

We were 2 down at the interval, but second half we were continually pressing, and obtained a goal as the result of our efforts, Gilgan scoring.

Meanwhile Grammar had again netted, but we were not in the least disheartened and continued to press heavily, but goals we could not get, and the game finished with the score 3—1 against.

For the Coll. Rees was conspicuous in goal, and Pretty, Gammon, Kemp and Tully were brilliant in defence. Gilgan was the best of a moderate forward line.

## STUD MARKS.

- 1.—"A lost sole"—Rees at Sandown.
- 2.—"There was a sound of rebely by night"—The "Goblei" at Sandown Station.
- 3.—"Stars I have seen!"—Gammon in the "Grammar" Match.
- 4.—"Comrades leave me bere a little"—Bratcher at Tea at Sandown.

## HOCKEY NOTES. ❧ ❧

♦ ♦ ♦

THERE is very little to report concerning the Hockey Club this term.

We have played an inter-game with the Convent Students, and a match v. Alexandra College, and there are the return matches to come. Several matches previously arranged were scratched by the opposing teams for various reasons.

G. P.



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